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HOLINESS + TO + THE + LORD.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

Designed Expressly for the Education and Elevation of the Young.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

No. 15.	CONTENTS.		Vol. 21.
A GREAT HUNT IN AFRICA, <i>Illustrated</i> , by Eddis Owen	225	EDITORIAL THOUGHTS	232
A PARALLEL, by Nejie	226	PHILOSOPHY OF THE WORD OF WISDOM, by D. M. McAllister	233
FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS—Little Willie and The Apple Tree—Faithful Dandy— Prizes for Prose, Poetry and Puzzles— Is it Worth While?—Questions on Church History	228, 229	DIVING FOR PEARLS, <i>Illustrated</i> , DISOBEDIENT EDDIE, by Homespun	234
AN INTERESTING JOURNAL, by William Clayton	230	TOPICS OF THE TIMES, by The Editor	236
RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST, by Henele Pikale	231	THE RESURRECTION, by Thomas W. Brook- bank	237
		AFTER EXILE, by Vassili	238
		ANGELS ON THE WALL, by H. W. N.	239
		O, LORD, PROTECT OUR LEADERS TRUE, Words and Music by E. F. Parry	240

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VOL. XXI.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 1, 1886.

NO. 15.

A GREAT HUNT IN AFRICA.

THE *beau ideal* of that character described in the terse slang of America as a pot-hunter, lives, moves and kills his game by most ignoble means in the Zambesi region of Africa.

Around "The Large River," as the natives style the Zambesi, stretch numerous fine table lands, bearing forests interspersed with rich glades. Many different tribes inhabit these spots; each tribe having its particular name for the magnificent stream. The entire river is known to the Africans as the Liambia or Leeambye, meaning "the large river" or "the stream without a rival," while the local names applied at various points are Luambeji, Luambesi, Ambesi, Ojimbese and Zambesi. The last name is given by the geographers of Europe and America to the stream and the immense country which it drains. The principal tribes possessing the table lands are the Betjuanas, the Luanas, the Mucasseguares, (the yellow or white Ethiopians), and a branch of the Zulus. Owing to the prevalence of the *tsetse*, a fly the bite of which is fatally poisonous to domestic animals, but is not seriously harmful to wild animals nor to man, the entire region is largely in a state of nature.

Big game abounds in the forests and on the grassy glades. Ostriches, zebras, antelopes, and quaggas are found in great numbers.

All of these creatures are the prey of the human beings who wander in bands over the face of the country. The native tribes are lazy and improvident. They do not care to hunt with spears, slings or arrows, the game which largely forms their supply of food; so they adopt the plan of constructing an ingenious pit-fall into which the herds of wild animals are driven to slaughter each other or to be safely and speedily killed by the hunters.

Some of the savages believe that the earth is a very thin crust suspended in space by some mysterious means; and therefore they will not dig into the ground to a greater depth than a few feet for fear that they may break through and be dropped into limitless darkness. They also entertain the idea that a man is forever dishonored who is bitten by a zebra, although the flesh of the animal is highly esteemed as food; and it is the practice to extricate the poor wretch who may be so unfortunate as to have any portion of his anatomy come in contact



A PIT-FALL FOR GAME IN THE ZAMBESI REGION.

with a zebra's teeth. The pit-falls are constructed and the hunt is conducted with all possible deference to these superstitions.

In the particular locality which may be chosen as a favorable region for game, some slight gully or natural depression is selected, and a pit is excavated about five or six feet in depth, as wide as the gully, and sometimes as much as one hundred feet in length. Upon the sides of the littleravine, and entirely enclosing the pit except for a space of thirty or forty feet at the top, are built frames of logs to a height of a yard or more; and these, combined with the natural depression and the excavation, give to the pit its necessary depth. A strong wall of small timbers is then built upon either side of an avenue leading away from the trap; and at a considerable distance these walls diverge from each other and form a huge half circle. The hunting party scatters over the surrounding country in another half circle; and gradually closes up toward the trap. Hideous noises are made through the day, and at night torches are kept in motion; until the poor beasts—hundreds of which are frequently surrounded at one time—are driven frantic by fright. The doomed creatures rush away from the noises and the lights, and soon find their way into the avenue of death. Along this they madly dash, heedless of their usual hatred toward each other, until they reach the verge of the pit. Here they are again startled by savage yells; and, unable to return, over they go in wild confusion. Many of them are killed outright; and most of the others are desperately wounded. After the pit is found to contain sufficient prey, great numbers of hunters approach and discreetly use their long spears to settle any zebra, quagga or antelope which shows a sign of life.

When the act of destruction is entirely completed, the frame sides of the pit are torn away, the animals are drawn out, and equitably distributed, and for a little time are feasting and merry makings among these "pot-hunters" of Africa.

EDDIS OWEN.

A PARALLEL.

BY NEJNE.

POOR Ireland has universal sympathy—outside of British domains; for men everywhere feel that her case is cruelly misunderstood by the imperial government, and that, because of this misconception, many of the legislative and judicial methods adopted or suggested to remove real or supposed evils are tyrannical in the extreme. The following paragraph, illustrative of the oppressions to which Ireland is subjected, is taken from the recent speech of Charles Stewart Parnell, the great Irish leader in the British Parliament, when the question of Home Rule for Ireland was under debate:

"I admit the existing strong sentiment on the part of the Liberal members. I will not say it is a very reasonable sentiment when I consider how many times my colleagues have been forcibly ejected, and how even the necessity of suspending, if not entirely abrogating, the representation of Ireland in this House, has been eagerly canvassed by the London press as the only solution of the Irish question. This difficult question requires very serious consideration. When Gladstone produced his plan we said we would, without binding ourselves beforehand, examine it candidly with a desire to see in it elements which will not injure a permanent settlement. We had gone through it all before and knew the sort of coercion there had been during the last five years. You will require even severe, more drastic measures of coercion than now; you will require everything you have had during the last

five years, and more besides, and of what sort has the coercion been? I don't say this to inflame passion or embitter animosity, but you had during these five years the suspension of *habeas corpus* in Ireland; thousands of your fellow-subjects have been imprisoned without specific charges, many for long periods—twenty months—without trial, without intention to try them. You had the right of domicile infringed at any hour of the day or night; you have fined the innocent for the guilty; you have taken the power to expel aliens from this country; you have renewed the curfew law and the blood money of your Norman conquerors; you have gagged the press, seized and suppressed newspapers, manufactured new crimes and offenses and applied fresh penalties unknown to your laws. All this and much more you have done in the last five years. All this and much more you will do again."

Any one who is acquainted with contemporaneous events in Utah will be able to supply a partial parallel to the case of down-trodden Erin.

Another quotation from the words of an Irishman may extend to view the similarity. Samuel Lover was an author of some considerable eminence. His heart was with his native Emerald Isle and he wrote several realistic novels portraying with scrupulous and acknowledged fidelity, important scenes and incidents of Ireland and Irish history. One of his favorite works is *Rory O'More*, the hero of which is a young peasant of good descent whose sympathies were very active for his suffering country in the troubles at the close of the last century. O'More was known to be a patriot of the staunchest character and was correspondingly hated by the large class of Crown officers and their hosts of sycophants who desired to see Ireland and all her loyal sons crushed into the dust. At last, as they controlled the prosecuting officers and the juries, they had him arrested on the charge of murdering one Scrubbs, a collector, whose life in reality Rory had saved. By the contrivances of one Justice Slink and one pettifogger Sweeny—both renegades—Scrubbs was induced to keep out of the way until a certain date, by which time they hoped to have Rory O'More condemned and hung. The trial fortunately lasted one day longer than they had anticipated; and the collector making his appearance in the assize town, was dragged to the court by a friend of Rory's just as the case was being fatally closed against the innocent defendant. The continuation of the incident is best told in Lover's own language:

"It would be impossible minutely to detail all which immediately followed; the surprise, the commotion, the impossibility to command order for some minutes. Then Mr. Scrubbs was produced on the table; and scores of witnesses were on the spot to identify him—indeed every man on the jury knew him.

"Order was not obtained for many minutes, and it required some interval to restore to Lord A—— sufficient tranquility to command his judicial dignity in addressing the jury, which he did in a few words, nearly as follows:

"Gentlemen of the jury—Your duties have been terminated in a very singular and affecting manner. By one of those interpositions of the Divine will which the Almighty is sometimes pleased to vouchsafe in evidence of His eternal providence, a human life has been preserved even when it was in the most imminent danger—"

"Lord A—— paused, for his feelings were yet an overmatch for his power of composure; and in the interval the foreman of the jury said to his brothers, with a nod of assumption:

"He means our friend Scrubbs; wonderful escape indeed!"

"Lord A—— resumed, 'Gentlemen, it has been the will of Heaven to make manifest the innocence of an accused man,

when all other hope had failed him, save that of the merciful God who has been his protector!"

"Lord A—— could proceed no further; and many a stifled sob was heard in the court—everywhere but in the jury box.

"Gentleman," resumed Lord A——, "though the trial is at an end, it becomes necessary, as a matter of form, you should return a verdict."

"Singularly contrasting to the subdued voice of the judge, subdued by the operation of his feelings, was the tone in which the foreman of the jury, with a smirk, answered without a moment's hesitation,

"We are all agreed, my lord."

"Of course," replied Lord A——, passing a handkerchief across his eyes "Return your verdict, if you please, gentlemen."

"Guilty, my lord," said the foreman, with an assumed suavity of voice and manner.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the judge; "your feelings have overcome you as well as many others present: you said, Guilty—of course you mean. *Not guilty.*"

"No, my Lord—we mean, Guilty."

"The words were now pronounced sufficiently loud to be audible over the court, and a wild scream from the women followed, while the upturned eyes of every one in court at the jury box testified their astonishment. Even the common crier was lost in wonder, and forgot, in his surprise, the accustomed call of 'Silence!' in response to the shrieks of the women.

"Good God, sir!" exclaimed Lord A——, addressing the foreman, "have you eyes and ears, and yet return such a verdict! The prisoner at the bar is accused of the murder of a certain man: that very man is produced on the table before you and identified in your presence—a living evidence of the prisoner's innocence—and yet you return a verdict against him of 'guilty!'"

"We do, my lord," said the foreman pertinaciously, and with an offended air, as if he considered it a grievance his verdict should be questioned.

"Will you be good enough, sir," said Lord A—— changing his tone from that of wonder to irony, "to tell me upon what count in the indictment he is guilty?—for really I am not lawyer enough to discover."

"We should be sorry, my lord, to dispute any point of law with your lordship; but the fact is, my lord, you don't know this country as well as we do, and we can swear upon the oath we have taken this day, that the prisoner *ought to have been hanged long ago*, and we say, Guilty, my lord!"

"Lord A—— could not withdraw the look of mingled wonder and indignation he fixed on the jury for a moment; and when he did, he transferred his eye to the prisoner—but in its transit the look of asperity was gone, and an eye beaming with benignity met the bright and unflinching look of Rory.

"Prisoner at the bar!" said Lord A——, whose address turned every eye upon the prisoner.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said one of the magistrates, sitting on the bench, "your lordship has forgotten to put on your black cap."

"No, sir, I have not forgotten it. Prisoner at the bar," continued the judge, "I feel it my duty to tell you that, notwithstanding the verdict you have heard pronounced upon you, not a hair of your head shall be harmed!"

"A loud hurrah!" interrupted the continuation of the address; and the crier, after some time, was heard shouting "Silence!" After the lapse of about a minute, order was obtained; and before Lord A—— could resume, the foreman said, loud enough to be heard for a considerable distance,

"No wonder the rebels shout!"

"Lord A—— noticed not this impertinence, directly, but ordered the crier again to command silence; and when that functionary had done so, his lordship added, fixing his eye on the insolent offender, 'And whoever dares again to violate the decency and solemnity of this court, I will commit him.'

"The bullying foreman quailed before the dignified rebuke, and his lordship proceeded in a business like tone to the whole jury:

"I can not avoid, gentlemen, receiving and recording your verdict; which neither can I resist stigmatizing as disgraceful to yourselves individually and collectively—for you must be either fools or worse. But I am not bound to pronounce sentence on the prisoner on that verdict, and I will not; neither will I rest this night until I dispatch a special message to the lord-lieutenant to represent the case and have your verdict set aside; and I promise here, in open court, to the prisoner, that with all convenient speed he shall be liberated from prison!"

* * * * *

"Sweeny [the pettifogger] followed the constable, who led him to a room in the court-house where Slink [the justice] awaited him. The brow of the justice was clouded, and his tone was angry as he addressed the attorney.

"A pretty bungle Scrubbs has made of this business!"

"My dear Justice, it is not his fault, after all."

"Pooh, pooh!—didn't we tell him on no account to appear until the rascal's trial was over?"

"So we did. But you see the trial occurred a day later than we calculated, and I told Scrubbs he *might* go home on Wednesday!"

"Zounds why didn't you stop him?"

"I endeavored to do so, my dear Justice, by sending over a messenger last night; but he missed him."

"It's d—d unfortunate! that's all I can say," said Slink. "Come home, however, and dine with me; I'm as hungry as a hawk, kicking my heels here about the court all day, and for no good, since that rebel has escaped. Come along! it can't be helped—the old saying, you know, 'The devil's children have the devil's luck;' and so that rascal Rory O'More has cheated the gallows."

* * * * *

"Yet this atrocious triad were considered eminently useful persons by the Irish executive at that period; and it was of such persons it was said by the adherents of government, 'that the country would be lost without them.' And, indeed government seemed to think so too; for Sweeny rapidly rose in law preferment, being made crown-solicitor for the district; Scrubbs was advanced to a place of great emolument in the metropolitan custom-house; and Justice Slink was created a knight, and in due time a baronet."

One who has watched with any care the court proceedings in a certain class of cases in this locality, will not be at a loss to find incidents which too closely approach the scene quoted from Rory O'More. It would be a much easier task to find here the Slinks and the Sweeny's and their friendly jurymen than to discover any person who answers the description of Lord A——.

HONEST good-humor is the oil and wine of a merry meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that where the jokes are rather small and the laughter abundant.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

LITTLE WILLIE AND THE APPLE TREE.

LITTLE Willie stood under an apple tree old;
The fruit was all shining with crimson and gold,
Hanging temptingly low; how he longed for a bite,
But he knew if he took one it would not be right.

Said he, "I don't see why my father should say,
"Don't touch the old apple tree, Willie, to-day;"
"I should'n't have thought, now they are hanging
so low,
"When I asked for just one, he should answer me,
"No."

"He would never find out, if I took but just one,
"And they do look so good, shining out in the sun;
"There are hundreds and hundreds, and he wouldn't
miss
"So paltry a little red apple as this."

He stretched forth his hand, but a low, mournful
strain
Came wandering dreamily over his brain;
In his bosom a beautiful harp had long laid,
That the angel of conscience quite frequently
played.

And he sung, "Little Willie, beware, O, beware!
"Your father has gone, but your Maker is there;
"How sad you would feel, if you heard the Lord
say,
"This dear little boy, stole an apple to-day!"

Then Willie turned round and as still as a mouse,
Crept slowly and carefully into the house;
In his own little chamber, he knelt down to pray,
That the Lord would forgive him, and please not
to say
"Little Willie almost stole an apple to-dya."

FAITHFUL DANDY.

MR. BAXTER, a poor laboring-man, was the owner of a fine dog, whose name was Dandy. Having to remove from one village to another in the State of Maine, Mr. Baxter hired a small wagon on which his furniture was packed. Then he led the horse, while Dandy followed behind.

When he came to the place where he was to stop, Mr. Baxter unloaded his wagon, but was sorry to

find that a chair and a basket were missing from the back-part of the wagon, and that Dandy, also, could not be found. The day passed; and, as the dog did not appear, the poor man feared that something must have happened to him.

The next day, as Mr. Baxter was on his way to the old cottage to take away another load, he heard the bark of a dog, which sounded very much like Dandy's. Judge how glad he was when he saw by the roadside, not only his lost property, but his faithful Dandy, seated erect by the chair and basket, keeping strict guard over them.

They had fallen from the wagon when Mr. Baxter was not looking; but Dandy had seen them, and, like a good dog felt it his duty to stay behind and guard what belonged to his master.

Although left for so long a time without food, the faithful creature had never quitted the spot where the chair and basket had fallen. But, when he saw his master, how glad was poor Dandy! He leaped up, put his paws on the man's shoulders, and barked with joy.

"Good Dandy! good Dandy!" said Mr. Baxter: "you must be hungry, old fellow! Come along: you shall have a good dinner for this. While I have a crust of bread, I'll share it with you, you noble old dog."

PRIZES FOR PROSE, POETRY AND PUZZLES.

IN No. 2 of the present volume we published an offer of several prizes for the best stories in poetry or prose, and for puzzles or enigmas, that would be suitable for this department of the INSTRUCTOR. The pieces for competition were to be forwarded to this office before the first day of July. But few persons have sent productions in competition for any of these prizes, and we propose on this account to give our young friends six months longer time. The prizes we offered were as follows:

For the best short and simple story or poem, suitable for this department of the INSTRUCTOR, a work on Natural History in 2 vols, and for the next best story or poem a History of Australia.

For the best puzzle, enigma or charade, we offer as first prize, "History of Richard 1," and for second prize, "Natural History of Birds."

All competitors for these prizes must send in their productions before the 1st of January next.

We wish it understood that none but original pieces will be accepted in competition for prizes.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Is it worth my while to try it?
 Is there something to be made?
 It is such an undertaking
 That I almost feel afraid?
 Do not fear to venture boldly
 When a good thing may be done;
 If you don't succeed exactly,
 Still a vict'ry will be won.

Shall I meet with cold derision,
 If perchance I do not win?
 If I can't get one step higher,
 Shall I lose the place I'm in?
 Never mind the world's deriding,
 You will be no more the same,
 You'll be nobler for the effort—
 You'll be better for the aim.

See the baby, bravely trying,
 Though he meets with many a balk:
 Should he never venture forward,
 He would never learn to walk.
 Down he falls, but in a moment,
 Starts again, resolved to go—
 Doesn't have so far to tumble
 As his papa would, you know.

Follow baby's wise example,
 Choosing nature's noblest plan.
 And you'll grow a brave, true woman,
 Or a whole souled, earnest man.
 If you will not shrink nor falter,
 You will triumph by and by;
 God is with the faithful worker,
 It is worth your while to try!

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. WHEN and where did Joseph receive a revelation making known the calling of the Twelve Apostles? 2. Where is this revelation recorded? 3. When were the Twelve Apostles chosen? 4. In what manner were they chosen? 5. Give the names of the first Twelve Apostles in the order they were selected. 6. Why was this order subsequently changed? 7. Give their names as they afterwards stood. 8. When was the organization of the first quorum of Seventies commenced? 9. Who was ordained the first President of Seventies? 10. When did the Twelve leave Kirtland on their first mission, and where did they go to?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 13.

1. WHEN did the enemies of the Saints begin their persecutions in Jackson County, Missouri? A. In the month of April, 1833.

2. What were some of the depredations committed by the mob during the following months? A. They tore down the printing office, destroyed its contents, tarred and feathered Bishop Edward Partridge and otherwise abused him.

3. What did the Saints do in hope of being protected from the mob? A. They each signed a petition which was sent to Daniel Dunklin, governor of Missouri.

4. What was the result? A. Nothing was done to protect the Saints against the mob. They were more violent afterwards, and burned houses, destroyed property and committed all manner of outrage upon men, women and children.

5. What did some of the officers of the state do that these mobocrats might more effectually drive the Saints and destroy and plunder their homes? A. They gave the Saints assurances of protection, and took their arms from them.

6. What extraordinary sight did the Saints behold after they were driven from their homes and while seeking temporary shelter? A. They beheld a grand meteoric shower. It appeared as if every star in the heavens fell from its place, causing almost a shower of fire.

7. After being driven from Jackson County, the center stake of Zion, in what three counties did they seek refuge? A. Van Buren, La Fayette, and Clay Counties.

8. Were they permitted to dwell in peace in these counties? A. No; in Van Buren County, especially, they were again called upon to partake of the horrors of persecution.

9. Where was Joseph during these persecutions in Missouri? A. In and about Kirtland.

10. When were the corner stones of the Lord's house in Kirtland laid? On the 23rd of July, 1833.

11. When and where was it decided to republish the *Evening and Morning Star*, formerly published in Jackson County, Missouri? A. On the 18th of December 1833, in Kirtland.

12. What other paper was published in connection with it? A. The *Messenger and Advocate*.

THE following named persons have answered the questions in No. 13: H. Scowcroft, C. Alson, W. J. C. Mortimer, Martha A. Terman, S. P. Oldham, Mary E. Chandler, S. Stark, Lizzie Hatch, Avildia L. Page, Huldah L. Stout, Dency E. Terry, E. V. Bunderson, Sarah E. Cole, W. D. Dixon, C. C. F. Dixon, Emily E. Brough, Alice Keeler, Ada Minkler, Mary M. Porter, S. Isabella Forsyth, Rosina Brown, Robert H. Brown, H. H. Blood, Etta M. Huish, Janet L. Jenkins J. H. Jenkins.

AN INTERESTING JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM CLAYTON.

(Continued from page 203.)

THE names of the women in the camp of Pioneers are Harriet Page Young, Clarissa Decker and Ellen Sanders; the names of the children are Isaac Perry Decker Young and Sabrisky L. Young *—making a total of 148 † souls who have started to the Rocky Mountains as Pioneers to find a home where the Saints may live in peace and enjoy the fruits of their labor free from the dominion of wrathful mobs. We hope to secure a place where the ensign of holiness can be reared to the view of all the world, where truth shall prevail and the Saints enjoy the fullness of the everlasting gospel.

The following are the names of the captains of fifties appointed at this organization, viz:

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1 Addison Everett, | 2 Tarlton Lewis, |
| 3 James Case, | 4 John Pack, |
| | 5 Shadrach Roundy. |

The captains of tens are as follows:

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 1 Wilford Woodruff, | 2 Ezra T. Benson, |
| 3 Phineas H. Young, | 4 Luke Johnson, |
| 5 Stephen H. Goddard, | 6 Charles Shumway, |
| 7 James Case, | 8 Seth Taft, |
| 9 Howard Egan, | 10 Appleton Harmon, |
| 11 John S. Higbee, | 12 Norton Jacobs, |
| 13 John Brown, | 14 Joseph Mathews. |

Stephen Markham was appointed captain of the guard and was instructed to select out of the camp fifty men in whom he could place implicit confidence, who are to be considered the standing guard to watch the camp at night—twelve of them to act as sentries at once, and they are to have two parties of twelve every night, each party to perform guard duty one half the night. In cases where the horses and cattle are tied some distance from the camp at night an extra guard is to be selected from the balance of the company, the standing guard not being permitted to leave the immediate neighborhood of the wagons.

The company has seventy-two wagons, ninety-three horses, fifty-two mules, sixty-six oxen, nineteen cows, seventeen dogs and some chickens.

At two o'clock the company started upon the eventful journey. We traveled about three miles and camped in a line about six hundred yards from timber, where there are plenty of cottonwoods and some rushes.

The country in the vicinity of the Elk Horn is one of the most attractive I ever saw. The bluffs on the east are rolling and well-lined with timber—among the woods being some fine groves of cedar. From the bluffs a little below the ferry one can see the meanderings of the platte, and the magnificent level bottom lands on the north of it—stretching fifteen miles in width and extending up the stream until lost in the distance. The Horn is a beautiful river about one hundred and fifty feet wide and averaging four feet in depth.

* In the official list the names of the women in the Pioneer Company are given as Clara D. Young, Ellen S. Kimball and Harriet P. W. Young; and the names of the children as Zabriskie Young and Perry Decker.

† The official list shows a total of 147 souls in the Pioneer Company.

Saturday, April 17, 1847.—This morning the weather is severely cold, with a strong north and north-west wind. We started at nine o'clock and traveled until nearly noon, the distance covered being about seven miles. We camped close by a cottonwood grove; and the brethren felled hundreds of the trees to feed to the teams that the corn might by this means be saved. There is a small lake near by, but the water is not good; and the brethren go to the river which is about half a mile away.

At five o'clock, p.m., the people of the camp were called together and organized in military order as follows: Brigham Young was elected lieutenant general; Stephen Markham, colonel; John Pack and Shadrach Roundy, majors. The captains of tens as formerly appointed are to hold similar rank in this military organization. Thomas Bullock was installed as clerk of the camp. Thomas Farmer was appointed captain of the cannon, with the privilege of choosing eight men to manage it in case of necessity. The President then said:

"After we start from this spot, every man must carry his loaded gun, or else have it in his wagon where he can seize it at a moment's notice. If the gun is a cap-lock, he should take off the cap and put on a piece of leather to exclude moisture and dirt; if a flint-lock, he must take out the priming and fill the pan with tow or cotton. The wagons must now keep together while traveling and not separate as heretofore they have separated. Every man is to keep beside his own wagon and is not to leave it except by permission."

A little before evening one of the traders' wagons came from the Pawnee village, loaded with furs and peltry, and camped about a quarter of a mile below us. At night Eames and Hanson played their violins. All was peace and quietness. I slept with Egan in Heber's wagon, Heber having gone to sleep with President Young.

Sunday, April 18.—This morning, I wrote a letter for Heber to his wife, Vilate. The letter was sent by Brother Eames, who has concluded to go back on account of poor health, being afflicted with spitting blood. He started on the return journey with the trader's wagon about eight o'clock, a.m. The wind this morning is east and south-east and very cold, accompanied by a slight fall of snow. At ten, a.m., seven more traders' wagons came in and stopped about a quarter of a mile below us, and soon after six mules laden with robes and furs were driven in. The traders say that they have come from the Pawnee village in two days. Brother Roundy obtained some buffalo meat from them and gave me a small piece. I thought it very good.

I began writing in Heber's journal and wrote considerable. He wishes me to write his journal during the entire journey. I also wrote some in this book.

In the afternoon the weather moderated and was much more pleasant, the wind having changed to the south and the sun shining; so I walked with Horace Whitney to the river.

While Father James Case was cutting down a tree for his horses to brouse upon, a gust of wind struck it and it fell in an opposite direction from the one in which he had intended. One of the limbs struck an ox on the neck, knocked the animal down and drove one of its eyes into the socket out of sight. About ten minutes afterward the eye returned to its place and the ox seems to have sustained little injury.

At five o'clock the officers of the camp met with President Young, and he detailed the order for camping and traveling hereafter, which was communicated to the companies by the captains of tens as follows: At five o'clock in the morning the bugle is to be sounded as a signal for every man to arise and attend prayers before he leaves his wagon. Then the people will engage in cooking, eating, feeding teams, etc., until seven o'clock, at which time the train is to move at the sound of the bugle. Each teamster is to keep beside his team with loaded gun in hand or within easy reach, while the extra men, observing the same rule regarding their weapons, are to walk by the side of the particular wagons to which they belong; and no man may leave his post without the permission of his officer. In case of an attack or any hostile demonstration by Indians, the wagons will travel in double file—the order of encampment to be in a circle, with the mouth of each wagon to the outside and the horses and cattle tied inside the circle. At half past eight each evening the bugles are to be sounded again, upon which signal all will hold prayers in their wagons, and be retired to rest by nine o'clock.

To-night at 7:30 I went to bed, suffering severely with pains in my head and face.

(To be Continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HEENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 220.)

ON the 25th, while passing over a mountain, we could see the great Pacific Ocean. We judged it to be about five miles away. This was the first time I ever saw the ocean. Joy seemed to fill every bosom to know we were so near the end of our march.

At evening we camped in a little valley near the sea shore. We could hear the roaring and dashing of waves all night. The whole face of the country was alive with herds of cattle, bands of horses, mules and donkeys. One of the guides said he knew a man who owned twelve thousand head of cattle. To me the country was delightful to behold. The earth was carpeted over with green grass and wild oats, and there was any amount of wild mustard and white clover. The latter is said to be very sweet and is eaten by California Indians, both in its raw state and boiled.

On the 29th of January, we reached the San Diego mission, where it was expected we would go into quarters. Forthwith we began to clean out the mission houses, which were built of adobies. The buildings looked old and were much dilapidated. We found the rooms infested with fleas. They had not been occupied for a long time except by Indians. The mission is situated about five miles from the town of San Diego, and is said to be the first Christian mission established in California. It was founded by the Catholics, in 1769, for the purpose of converting the Indians.

On Sunday, the 31st, several of the battalion boys visited San Diego and reported there were a schooner, two men-of-war and a merchant vessel anchored in the harbor; and that General Kearney, the day before, had sailed up the coast to San Francisco.

About this time our colonel received orders to march us to San Luis Rey mission, and there finally to make our quarters. So, on February 1, 1847, we took up the line of march for that place, and on the 3rd, about noon, we arrived there and immediately commenced to clean out the rooms. We were nearly a week cleaning up the houses to quarter in; for, like the others, they were filthy, though the exterior part looked beautiful.

On the 11th of February the drill commenced, which occupied two hours of each day.

On the 14th, Lieutenant Oann of Company A, with ten men and mules, were sent up the country to bring in flour for the command, and on the 19th he returned with two thousand, one hundred pounds of coarse, unbolted flour, perhaps the best the country afforded of its own make.

On the afternoon of the 22nd of February, two Indians who had been herding horses and mules came in, one of whom was badly wounded in the head. They stated that Spaniards fell on them and killed one of their party. The wounded Indian was sent to the hospital.

On the afternoon of the 14th of March, an express came from General Kearney with orders for our colonel to send one company to San Diego to relieve the dragoons under Lieutenant Stoneman, and to garrison that place. Accordingly, the next morning Company B left for that post, where they arrived on the 17th. The next day, Sergeant William Hyde and eighteen men, myself one of the number, were appointed by our captain to take charge of a fort on a hill, about one fourth of a mile from town. The fort had been erected by marines. They had dug a ditch and set up a line of large wine casks filled with dirt and gravel. Against these casks they had thrown up from the trench a heavy embankment of earth, rocks and gravel. There were seven cannon placed so as to command the town and surrounding country. Inside of this fortification stood a building in which we quartered. On the top was a small swivel gun, so hung as to be easily turned and brought to point in any direction.

On the evening of the 14th of April, William Garner, of Company B, baptized a marine named Beckworth. This, no doubt, was the first baptism in California ever performed by an Elder in Israel in this dispensation.

By this time we had become very short of clothing and we had no money to buy any more. Everything we had in the shape of clothing was in rags. We were forced to cut up our tents to make shirts and pants, and this, too, contrary to the wishes of our captain.

At last, pay day came, when each soldier drew his six months' salary—\$42 each.

On the streets of San Diego appeared something in human form, begging for food. He claimed to have been one of Fremont's men, and said he had been traveling in the Rocky Mountains for seven years. He was the worst looking person I ever saw. He was disabled in one of his shoulders and had a wound on his head. Brother Horace M. Alexander of our company knew him. The fellow acknowledged being in the Hann's Mill massacre, and begged to be forgiven for the part he took in the slaughter.

(To be Continued.)

RECEIVE no satisfaction for *premeditated* impertinence; forget it—forgive it—but keep him inexorably at a distance who offered it.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 15, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

ANY profitable lessons can be learned from the study of Chinese history. The Chinese which come to the United States are very much hated and despised. Great fear is entertained respecting the Chinese and strict laws have been enacted to stop their immigration to this country. The Americans and the Europeans cannot hold their own with the Chinese. They are industrious, ingenious, patient, apt at learning trades and can live where an ordinary man would starve. Then they are so numerous. If they were to determine to immigrate to this country, and they were not prevented from doing so, they would be like the grasshoppers which formerly troubled the crops of our farmers—they would be in such hordes as to overrun the whole land. But the Chinese who come to this country as laborers are not the Chinese proper. They are an inferior class which are found near the seaboard and are frequently low characters, probably the scum of the nation, just as we find in our country hordes of low people who live in large cities on the seaboard or on the frontiers.

The Chinese proper are in many respects a very superior race of people and possess noble qualities, or they could not have existed so long as a nation. They have out-lived the kingdoms of Persia, Egypt, India, Babylon, Greece and Rome.

One of the most prominent features of their religion is the great reverence that is paid to parents. God gave as one of His commandments to Israel, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." The Chinese have long lived in their land. It certainly seems as if the promise of God was fulfilled in their case, for they do honor their parents and they have been permitted to live long in their land. In this respect the children of the Latter-day Saints might imitate to a certain extent, with profit, the children in China. Other nations reverence their parents while living and after death; but nowhere is so great stress laid upon this duty as in China.

To illustrate this we will describe some of the rules upon duties to parents which prevail there:

It is expected that no son, during the lifetime of his parents, shall go abroad, or if he does so, it must be with their consent and to a fixed place.

When at home a dutiful son is expected to rise with the first cock-crow, and after washing and dressing himself carefully, should inquire what the wishes of his parents are as to the kind of food they would eat and drink.

He should not enter a room unless invited by his father, nor retire without permission; neither should he speak unless spoken to.

When leaving the house, he should report himself, and on returning should make his presence known.

He should be regular in his amusements, attentive to his calling, constant in speech and avoiding all reference to old age.

This last is a point strongly insisted upon, and every boy has held up to him, as an example to be followed, the conduct of one of the ancient sages, who, when seventy years old, fearing that his parents would be reminded by seeing him of their own great age, used to dress himself in such clothing as children wore and behaved like a child in their presence.

This reminds us of a trait in the character of President Heber C. Kimball. He disliked to hear people who were advanced in years called old, and frequently reprovved persons who used this expression. He said the Lord was more respectful, for in speaking of His servant Joseph Smith, Sen., He did not call him "the old man," but said, "my aged servant."

There are few children who have been properly brought up who are not offended when their father is called "the old man." We notice that aged people, as a rule, are not pleased at being called old, and this teaching of the Chinese to their children has its foundation in a knowledge of human nature and the respect which is due from youth to age.

Confucius, the great Chinese philosopher, who was born about 550 years before the Savior, taught that of all things which derive their natures from heaven and earth, man is the most noble; and of all the duties which are incumbent upon him, there is none greater than obedience to parents.

The Chinese carry this so far that they worship their ancestors. To a Chinaman there is no greater sin than to neglect the worship of an ancestor, and this reverence to parents is carried up to the government. The common people must respect and obey the officers as fathers; lower officers must look upon higher officers as fathers, and all must look to the emperor as father. He, in turn, must look upon the people as his children. This makes their government a paternal one, and is doubtless one great cause of its strength and durability.

It is possible that the Chinese carry their reverence for their parents too far; they certainly do if they worship them. There is only one Being whom men should worship, and that is God, the Father of us all; but next to God and the authority which He bestows upon men to act in His stead, children should be taught to reverence their parents.

In this age there is a great lack in this direction. Children do not manifest that regard for and obedience to their parents which they should do. No child can prosper that does not honor its parents. The word of the Lord to Moses on this point is as true to-day as it was when He gave the commandment. Individuals who do not honor their parents will not live long upon the land, and no nation whose people do not obey and honor their parents can remain a truly prosperous and great nation, or have a permanent existence for many generations in the land which they inherit.

THE word "necessary" is miserably applied. It disordereth families, and overturneth government, by being so abused. Remember that children and fools want everything because they want judgment to distinguish; and therefore there is no stronger evidence of a *crazy undertaking* than the making too large a catalogue of things *necessary*.

PATIENCE is the ballast of the soul, that will keep it from rolling and tumbling in the greatest storms. And he that will venture out without this, to make him sail even and steady, will certainly make shipwreck and drown himself; first, in the cares and sorrows of this world; and then in perdition.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE WORD OF WISDOM.

An address by D. M. McAllister, delivered at a meeting of the Sunday school teachers of the Salt Lake Stake.

(Continued from page 211.)

THE continuous use of flesh meat is hurtful; it is not pure food; it is stimulating, and tends to arouse animal passions; it is often diseased and the cause of disease; it is not necessary, we can live in perfect health without it; it is expensive, there is more nourishment in one pound of wheat than in four pounds of beef steak. It is true the Lord has ordained that the flesh of beasts and fowls may be used by man, but He has also ordained that it should be used "sparingly" and under certain circumstances. He gave laws to the children of Israel regarding this matter that we would do well to heed. The kinds of animals they might use were "whatsoever parteth the hoof, and is cloven footed, and cheweth the cud among the beasts, that shall ye eat."

Swine meat was positively forbidden, "Of their flesh shall ye not eat, and their carcass shall ye not touch; they are unclean unto you."

He gave commands to abstain from eating the fat or blood of animals, also that the animals should be without blemish, that is, they should be sound and healthy. If it were always possible to obtain flesh meat from animals perfectly free from disease, and they were killed as the Hebrews do, leaving no blood in the carcass, it would not injure us to eat some occasionally in the Winter time, but the daily eating of fish, flesh and fowl, and especially the frequent use of hog meat and lard, is contrary to God's will and very injurious to health.

"All grain is ordained for the use of man and of beasts, to be the staff of life, not only for man but for the beasts of the field, and the fowls of heaven, and all wild animals that run or creep on the earth;

"And these hath God made for the use of man only in times of famine and excess of hunger."

Herein we find repeated what our Heavenly Father evidently intended to emphasize, and have us particularly notice, that the flesh of beasts of the field, fowls and all wild animals should be used only under special circumstances. If a diet of flesh is essential, as many people seem to think, God would not have said that we should resort to it "only in times of famine and excess of hunger."

"All grain is good for the food of man, as also the fruit of the vine, that which yieldeth fruit, whether in the ground or above the ground.

"Nevertheless, wheat for man, and corn for the ox, and oats for the horse, and rye for the fowls and for swine, and for all beasts of the field, and barley for all useful animals, and for mild drinks, as also other grain."

Grains of all kinds are most excellent food, especially in cold weather; they produce greater warmth in the body than fruit or vegetables do, and in that respect they are also much superior to any kinds of flesh meat. Wheat is the best of all, as stated: "Nevertheless, wheat for man." It has been clearly demonstrated that wheat contains every element requisite for proper nourishment, and that on a diet of wheat, or bread made from it, with water only, man could live healthfully to a good old age. But we need the whole of the grain, not the interior, starchy portion alone, such as we usually get in fine

flour, but the product of the entire kernel, with all its nutritive properties intact. Such is truly "the staff of life." Snow-white bread, so greatly admired, is a ghostly fraud, on which human beings or animals would starve to death if fed on it alone.

If fowls and swine were fed on rye, as herein recommended, they would not be quite so unwholesome as they usually are; but it is utterly impossible for pigs to be wholesome that are shut up in dirty styes and fed on refuse and garbage unfit for other animals to eat.

Some people quote the allusion to barley being good for mild drinks to justify themselves in drinking beer, which is partly prepared from barley. I wish to state that fermented drinks are not mild drinks, no stimulating or intoxicating drink is mild. Whiskey can be made from barley, should we, therefore, call it a mild drink?

"And all saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel, and marrow to their bones,

"And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures;

"And shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint;

"And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them. Amen."

These great promises cannot be too forcibly impressed upon the minds of all Latter-day Saints. It is almost impossible to comprehend the full extent and value of those promised blessings. Health! What blessing of a temporal nature is equal to it? Without it there is no true happiness, even the rich, great and wise are made miserable by its lack. Either of those classes would oftentimes gladly exchange riches, station or learning for relief from sickness and pain. The possession of health doubles every other blessing; with it riches can be enjoyed and poverty's burden is lightened; with health comes length of days, to grow in knowledge and accomplish good; for the lack of it the days of man, woman and child are few and full of woe. Is it not worth practicing a little self-denial to obtain this great blessing? And, when we add to that the promise of "wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures," it is wondrous strange that so few, so very few, observe this Word of Wisdom, "in the spirit and meaning thereof." It seems to me it must be that we have not fully understood the magnitude of those promises, and it is high time we gave them the attention they deserve. Let us rivet these facts upon the minds of the Sunday school children in the most forcible manner we can, that they may be induced to do better than we have done, and grow up a race of giants, physically and mentally, well qualified to consummate the grand latter-day work. Inspire them, if possible, with a strong desire to secure those invaluable blessings which our Heavenly Father has promised, and we shall see His word fulfilled; they "shall run and not be weary," and when epidemics are sweeping over the land "the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them."

THOUGH we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age; then to be a man of business; then to make up an estate; then to arrive at honors; then to retire.

all through his infancy he had never been taught wrong from right, or good from evil. Think what a blessing you, my little friends, possess in having good mothers and sober, God-fearing fathers, who tell you the way in which your little feet should go, in order to avoid the paths of sin and vice.

It happened that Eddie was put under the care of a kind and noble woman for a few months, and she labored very hard to pull out of the boy's mind these weeds of theft and disobedience; but alas, they had grown so high and rank that they kept nearly all the bright sunlight of truth and virtue from penetrating down to the tiny, sweet flowers of the boy's soul.

Dear Aunt Lucy! How hard she tried, and how long she would talk to the wayward boy!

One day Aunt Lucy gave Eddie a pail, and told him to pick all the black currants, which hung in their black, rich beauty out of the slender green leaved stems of the young currant-bushes.

"Now Eddie," she said, "you must not eat them, be sure and mind, for there are not so very many, and they are very choice. Now if you will be a good boy, and pick them quickly, and then come in, I will give you a nice saucer full with cream on, and some bread and butter for your dinner." "Oh, yes I'll remember," says Eddie.

"Now hurry, and don't you eat the currants," again charges Aunt Lucy, as he saunters off to the lower end of the garden, where the long row of currants are growing.

Aunt Lucy stands in the arbor-covered door-way and anxiously watches the boy go off.

"Oh dear" she sighs as she turns to go in about her work "I do hope Eddie will mind."

It was a delicious Summer day. The air was cool under the shade of the trees, but warm and glowing in the sunshine.

Down past the peach trees, almond trees, through the long grape-vine arbor, and down the path a ways, there along the creek grew the lucious, big, black currants:

Eddie picked one or two and put them in the pail. In the next handful, was one extra large one, fairly black in its soft pulpy ripeness, and Eddie with an involuntary quick glance around, popped it in his mouth.

A touch of remorse seized him, but he soothed his conscience by taking the two next handfuls and dropping them hastily in the pail.

Then on the next stem he saw four or five great big ones shining bright in the sunlight which glanced through the trees. Two of those went into Eddie's mouth instead of the pail, and they stole away, with their guilty sweetness, the slight barriers of resolve erected in the unhappy boy's mind. Setting the pail down, Eddie just commenced devouring the currants by the large handfuls, stripping about two-thirds of the trees before he was thoroughly satisfied.

Shall I tell you, my dear little boys and girls what Eddie ought to have done?

All human beings are liable to be tempted. That is, in other and plainer words, to desire that which is wrong for them to have: this is not the crime, but in this lies the great danger. And Eddie should have told this wicked spirit which was seeking to make him do wrong and be disobedient, to leave him. And just in his simple child-like way ask God to help him keep from doing wrong. Then he should have firmly set his mind upon something else, or he could have whistled, or thought of his new marbles; anything to have kept his mind from dwelling on and hankering after the forbidden delicacy.

But I am sorry to say he only weakly gave way to his willful desires, and ate till he could really not hold another currant. Then he went and sat down under a large spreading grape vine, where it was cool and shady to think over the matter. How to meet Aunt Lucy's rebuking eyes, was the question.

Eddie did not care much about the wickedness of his act; he had done such things too many times for that, but how to avoid detection.

He dug his toes into the soft, warm sand, and made little tiny heaps of sand first on one foot and then another. A brilliant "devil's darning-needle" poked its curious nose into his shady retreat. The bees hummed around the clover tops, the happy birds sang mellow Summer hymns in the almond trees near him, and the busy ant hurried to and fro in swift questionings as to this big intruder. But Eddie saw or thought of nothing but Aunt Lucy's incisive questions, and finally these even faded out of his mind, and he slowly drifted off into a sound, gluttenous, heavy Summer's sleep. How he did snore! The "devil's darning-needle" retreated in a fine fright at the noise, and the birds up aloft in the tree hushed their trills to discover from whence the curious sounds came. The ants still bustled around, and taking counsel one with another, they called a general war assembly. Many ants spoke in indignant and rousing terms of this monster, who had deliberately and without cause, invaded their territory, obstructed their principal entrance, and finally fallen down, completely crushing their many-halled home. But without further parley by a full vote of every ant outside the hill, war was declared on their common enemy.

With one grand rush they attacked their sleeping foe; and hundreds of ants, red with rage resolved to sting, if possible, to the death, plunged their poison-dipped spear into their evening's helpless body.

Poor Eddie! A thin calico shirt and short knee pants, loose and baggie, offered no resistance to this tiny force who swarmed up his sleeves, into his loose shirt neck, in his pants, on his head, in short all over his whole body.

Awakened by the darting pains, and suddenly conscious, a hundred points of living fire seemed to blaze in every limb. Maddened by pain, and hardly yet roused from his sluggish sleep, Eddie rushed with wild screams up past the trees, through the arbor, the frightened chickens flying in every direction from such sounds. He met Aunt Lucy at the door, and to her hurried question, "What's the matter?" he could not even reply, but danced and screamed in very agony.

Divining in her instinctive way the very thing that had happened, Aunt Lucy seized him, and jerked off his clothes, then filled a large tub with soda water, and put the screaming boy in it.

Then she took the boy upon her motherly lap, and oh such a long and grave talking to as she gave him! His sobs grew farther apart, as she carefully explained to him, that the sins and disobediences of his daily life poisoned his soul even as the ants did his body, and that in the fast coming day of awakening and reckoning, his wretched soul would sting and smart with infinitely more intensity from the poisoned darts of the devil. A lesson pointed with so vivid an illustration, sunk deep into the boy's mind, and bore good fruit.

He began to make an effort to overcome himself, and now indeed, that he has grown up he has cause to thank those warlike ants and remember the lesson of obedience they taught him under the grape vine.

DIVING FOR PEARLS.

PROBABLY but few of our young friends are acquainted with the manner in which pearls are obtained. The following description given by an observer, of how they are taken from the bottom of the ocean by the inhabitants of the Aru Islands may be of interest to our readers:

"A large sugar-loaf stone was let down overboard by a thick rope. A diver stepped on the gunwale, holding on by the rope, and apparently placing his toe in a loop or hole to keep his foot in its place. The other foot was placed in a basket. With this apparatus the diver began to descend. Before, however, his head reached the water I saw that he held his nose very



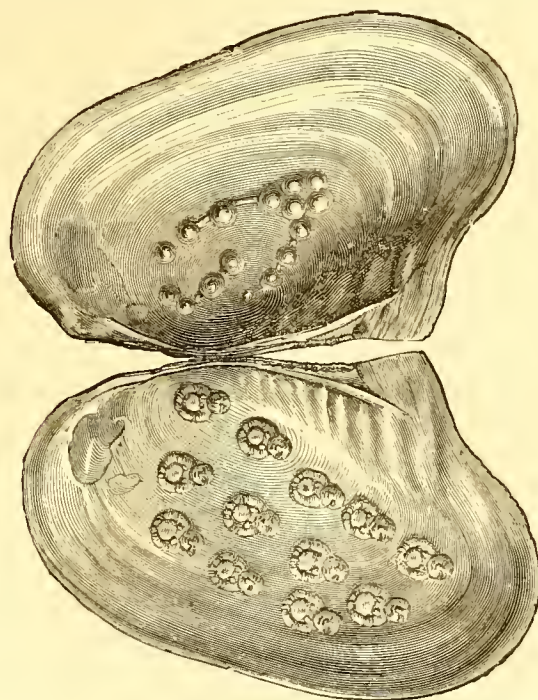
tightly with his hand. This was, I understood, to prevent the water getting into his nostrils. I calculated that about four from each boat were down at a time, and I judged that each man remained from two to three minutes below the water. Up he came again at the end of that time, apparently very little exhausted, although he must have been making active exertions to collect the shells. After he had come to the top, the basket containing the oysters was drawn up, and in that time he had collected from a hundred to a hundred and fifty.

"I learned that most of them will make from forty to fifty plunges in one day, and that a few of the most experienced and strongest remain down nearly five minutes. Their greatest danger is from the ground shark, which lies in wait at the bottom. However, some of these men will face even the shark, with knives in their hands, and come off victorious. To secure themselves still further, some of the boats carry conjurers or priests on board, who, by their incantations, are supposed to preserve them from the attacks of the shark. Of course, if a diver is picked off by a shark, the conjurer asserts that he has not properly obeyed his directions, and thus does not lose his credit. The saw-fish is another of the diver's foes, more dangerous, because more difficult to attack than a shark.

"The merchants have to keep a very strict look-out on the divers on their return to the shore, as frequently when the

oyster is in the boat, and left alive undisturbed for some time, it opens its shell. A pearl may then easily be discovered, and by means of a piece of wood, the shell be prevented from again closing till the diver has an opportunity of picking out the prize.

"Pearls are identical with the substance which is called mother-of-pearl, which lines the shell of the oyster. It is, indeed, the result of disease. When any substance intrudes into the shell the animal puts forth a vicious liquor, which agglomerates and hardens till the pearl is formed. It is said, indeed, in some places, that the divers pierce the shells of the oysters, and thus increase the number of pearls. It has also been discovered that oysters which have been pierced by a



PEARL OYSTER.

certain small marine worm have invariably pearls within them. The oyster, to defend itself from the worm, covers the hole with a substance which becomes as hard as the shell, and brilliant as mother-of-pearl."

DISOBEDIENT EDDIE.

BY HOMESPUN.

LITTLE Eddie Jones was one of those curious little boys who fancy that they are happier in having their own way, than in hearing and obeying the counsels of those older and wiser than themselves. Whenever he found a chance to steal a lump of sugar or a nice, ripe apple, he would take it and then run guiltily away and enjoy it all by himself. And such a mean, sneaking enjoyment as that kind is, too! Such trembling eagerness to swallow the dainty before any one comes, and such a fear that some one is coming or that he will be seen—all these miserable sensations did not keep Eddie from doing wrong.

But after all, we must not blame poor little Eddie too much, for he had no mother, and a wretched drunken father, so that

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN in the Sandwich Islands, about the year 1851 or 1852, I happened to see a book in which a good many of the arguments which the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints use were urged in favor of the healing of the sick and the other gifts promised by the Lord to those who believe. It surprised me to meet such a work; for up to that time I had seen nothing in print which favored our teachings respecting the promises of the Savior, excepting the writings of our Elders. An examination of the book proved that it was written in favor of Spiritualism which was then beginning to make a noise in the world.

I took the more notice of the book, because it brought to my mind the words of the Prophet Joseph Smith which I had heard from him in my youth. He predicted that the time would come when great miracles would be performed to deceive mankind; that fire would be called down from heaven and other supernatural manifestations be shown which would deceive many, and if it were possible, even the very elect.

From this book I learned of the fulfillment of a portion of his words. Numerous instances were related of great miracles which had been wrought by persons who claimed to be under spiritual influences. But they had not obeyed the gospel and its ordinances, and acknowledged no Priesthood or other authority from God as the source of their power.

Since that day I have heard of many miracles which have been claimed to be wrought by Spiritualists, and many thousands of persons who would not receive the gospel and obtain the gifts promised to its believers, have accepted them as worthy of their faith.

But of late years there has another class of miracle-mongers arisen. They profess to believe in the Lord Jesus and perform their work in His name. They pray to and exercise faith in Him, and claim that the results which follow are due to their faith and prayers. Their operations attract considerable attention, and the newspapers frequently report instances of healing through their agency. Some of these so-called faith-healers anoint with oil and lay hands on the sick. That many have received benefit from the operation there is no doubt, if we can believe the testimony of themselves and witnesses. But they, too, discard the Priesthood and have no faith in ordinances. Many of them look upon the Latter-day Saints as fanatics and impostors, because they claim that the promises of Jesus respecting the gifts were intended for all those who should believe in and obey His gospel in all ages.

When one recalls the past the change which has taken place is very surprising. The early persecutions of the Saints were aroused because they claimed to be in possession of the gifts promised by the Lord Jesus to those who would obey His gospel.

These persecutors said there were to be no more miracles. They had disappeared with the apostles of Jesus.

There could be no prophets, and no one could obtain revelation from God.

All these blessings and powers had disappeared from the earth, they said, never more to return.

To prove this they burned the houses of the Saints, robbed them of other property, and organized mobs and expelled them from the lands which they had purchased and owned.

They rejected the gospel and its ordinances and gifts, and drove from their midst the Priesthood, the only legitimate authority through which they could receive these blessings.

Now, we begin to see some of the consequences which the Prophet Joseph said should follow.

The people who rejected the true gospel and its gifts are becoming a prey to strong delusions.

Spiritualism numbers its followers by hundreds of thousands. They are deceived by the alleged miracles which its many mediums perform.

No matter how corrupt men and women may be they can be Spiritualists.

It is not necessary they should repent of their sins.

It is not necessary they should be baptized in water for their remission.

It is not necessary they should have the gift of the Holy Ghost.

It is not necessary they should live lives of purity and godliness.

Believer and unbeliever, moral and immoral, honest and dishonest, temperate and intemperate, can all receive spiritualist manifestations by seeking for them.

It is said that Lucifer's plan, proposed in the council in heaven for mankind in their mortal and probationary state, was to save them all. Because his plan was not accepted he rebelled and was thrust out.

The same plan is seen in Spiritualism.

No moral qualification is necessary to secure manifestations. All, without distinction, can have communications. Astonishing exhibitions of power are given by wicked persons.

Immense numbers of people are in this way entrapped. The plan is so easy. It requires no sacrifice.

Then there is the *Faith-Cure* or *Faith-Healing*.

This system appeals strongly to those who cherish strong religious feeling.

It has, apparently, the sanction of the Bible.

It is in accord with their ideas of that which prayer has accomplished in past times and that which it would please them greatly to have their prayers accomplish in this day.

It requires no ordinances, no Priesthood and no particular church organization.

It does not require those who believe in it to be Latter-day Saints, or "Mormons," to be hated and persecuted of the world and to sacrifice their good names.

Its methods are not unpopular and do not shock the delicate sensibilities of friends.

It only requires faith and prayer.

Orthodox and popular ministers can do the praying.

Those who believe in this method of getting healed and of obtaining supernatural manifestations think it far preferable and more easy than the way God has pointed out and which the Latter-day Saints teach.

They reject that which is divine and true and get that which is false and counterfeit.

This the Prophet Joseph Smith said would be the case.

His words are being fulfilled.

The Latter-day Saints think it better to get the gifts of the Spirit of God by obeying the gospel. It may require some sacrifices; there may be painful circumstances to contend with; but for all these they are abundantly repaid, and they rejoice and are contented.

If people do not like the gospel, then there is a power, opposed to God, which stands ready to offer something else.

Behold the cunning of the adversary!

The Lord sent His servants with His gospel to the world. They were authorized to promise the Holy Ghost and its gifts to all who would obey it.

Those who obeyed it received these blessings.

The world denied that it was possible in these days to have these gifts and tried to destroy those who taught this faith.

But this did not succeed, and then Satan adopted another plan. He bestowed counterfeit gifts.

There was no obedience to heaven's truth or its ordinances necessary to obtain them.

When the world saw that supernatural power could be obtained without obeying the gospel, a revolution of opinion took place.

Many then began to admit it was possible that Latter-day Saints had performed miracles. But, it was urged, so have the Spiritualists, as have others, notably the Faith-Healers.

Then the cunning plan of Satan became apparent.

The world said, Why should we obey the gospel as taught by the Latter-day Saints, to obtain spiritual gifts when we can obtain them without doing this?

Besides, does not this power which we receive prove that we are right?

So the people harden their hearts, reject the truth and turn their attention to delusion and fables.

And Satan and his angels laugh. They have fastened his chains around mankind and they are being led down to destruction.

THE RESURRECTION.

SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCE AND THE RESURRECTION.

(Continued from page 222.)

IN view of these facts, based as they are upon scientific data, our opponents must beg the question to assume that more than one half pound of any human organism is ever incorporated into that of another. And the question naturally arises as to whether or not this amount, in very rare cases, if subtracted from the resurrection body, would destroy the individual's identity. It is scarcely supposable that it would, unless we are disposed to haggle about terms, or to quibble because such is our disposition.

If we regard a person who has lost a leg, or even both of them, as identical, for all practical purposes and intents, with the individual that he was before he sustained so great a loss, so also might our bodies come up in the resurrection with a slight deficiency and not necessarily involve the destruction of our identity. We are not disposed to claim too much however, on this point since the most exacting demands of infidels can be satisfied fully.

In the first place, the advocates of the resurrection doctrine do not claim that in no instance shall there be no apparently new accretions of substance in our future bodies. There are many cases in which, during youth, an arm or leg is lost—the rest of the body continues to grow—and finally in the very prime of physical manhood the individual dies. How shall his body be resurrected—as parts, one mature and the other immature? or shall it wholly come forth as a fully grown and

perfect body? Certainly as the latter; but a new accretion of substance in the child limb is necessary in order to fit it as a part of the fully grown organism. In other cases of necessity accretions of apparently new matter may be made. That there should be something added to the corpse body in its resurrected state in order to supply essential deficiencies, is but a concomitant truth with another which we are all quick to affirm must prevail in the actual resurrection verity. This affirmation demands that all useless and obnoxious excrescences, tumors and mal-formations must be eliminated. As no one would claim because misformed and useless feet are not thus restored in the resurrection body, that the identity of the individual is thereby affected; so neither would the addition of a small amount of new matter be considered of much importance.

But, lest some may assert that our educational bias towards the resurrection doctrine warps our judgment, and permits a laxity of interpretation respecting it that would not be tolerated in other matters, it will be shown how these new accretions of substance need not affect our perfect identity. The Almighty has made provision for meeting emergencies and for closing the mouths of His enemies.

Every contested atom of matter can be restored to its rightful owner and still allow every individual to get back from his own body a full mathematical count of molecules, weight for weight, size for size and kind for kind. The explanation of this apparent mystery is found in the fact that the blood of no one is to be resurrected. The scriptures declare "flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God." The flesh may, but the blood is to be cast out and its place supplied by spirit matter. In every adult person there is an average of about eighteen pounds of blood. This is liquid flesh, bone, hair, nerve, muscle and every other part of our system; and since it is not to be resurrected there is enough of it to supply any deficiency that may exist in the essential particles of our corporiety.

This theory of the use that the blood may subserve in the resurrection appears quite probable and meets the infidel objection satisfactorily. Should the theory prove true, one would naturally prefer that he should possess just enough of foreign, disputable substance in his corporiety to necessitate the metamorphosis of all his blood into solid matter to supply the deficiency occasioned by the surrender of such foreign substance to its proper owner.

Again, there is enough of dead, effete matter in every animal body, at any time, and which is strictly the body's own, that after revitalization might be substituted instead of what particles may be disputed and surrendered to some other corporiety. And during a lifetime of sixty or seventy years, eight or ten times the weight of the essential corpse body have been cast off in dead, effete particles of matter, and the whole of it, which was peculiarly our own, might be entered to our credit and be subject to demand in resurrection times. All that is claimed for these arguments is that they have as good a foundation as the objection they refute.

There is another phase of the question still in our favor and it affords the strongest argument that can be adduced in favor of the most particular preservation of our personal identity in the resurrection body. What has been said hitherto admits the theory of the vital combination of the essential particles of one body with those of another. That such atoms are ever thus assimilated and combined is now denied and the theory, *in toto*, is negatived.

(To be Continued.)

AFTER EXILE.

BY VASSILI.

CHAPTER XI.

(Continued from page 219.)

WHEN they arose the prisoners were served with the usual rude and meagre meal of black bread and coffee, in the hall. At the conclusion of the breakfast Vladimir accompanied to the scene of their daily toil his father and the half score of other exiles whose unfortunate lot required them to work at the arsenic mine. Under the direction of a strong guard, they marched in single file with Feodor at the head. Their companions were escorted in a similar way to other fields of labor.

The arsenic mine was at a distance of a furlong from the guard house. An open shed covered the mouth of the shaft; and a primitive windlass, with a single bucket, provided the means of descent and was the only hoisting apparatus. Within and around the shed was a great dump of ore, from which carts were constantly engaged in conveying selected portions of the mineral to Berezovsk for reduction and shipment.

One of the exiles remained at the surface, with the soldiers, to perform the labor of hoisting; while the others, preceded by an armed sentry, descended two at a time to the bottom of the shaft; a distance of one hundred and fifty feet. Here they were assigned to various chambers by the supposed Hulinski, who had been installed as a working foreman by a former kind officer, and had retained that position through the subsequent changes of commanders. The sentry stationed himself in the main corridor which led to the shaft.

Feodor, for the avowed purpose of giving the new recruit necessary instructions, took Vladimir under his own charge into a chamber where they could safely converse.

The father would gladly have spared his son the prescribed toil; but as that was impossible he explained to Vladimir the nature and requirements of the work.

Feodor's own duty was to make continual examinations of the various chambers, for the purpose of selecting the most available and promising portions of the vein. He was thus exempt from some of the misery and wretched toil which had proved fatal to so many of his associates. But each one of the other exiles, after learning to perform the work, was required to extract and carry to the shaft enough ore to half fill the bucket which would hold probably one and a half tons.

As the arsenic and sulphurets were hard, and blasting materials were not allowed and the tools were of a rude character, this labor was a prodigious one.

Every moment that the Pojarskys could spare from their toil they devoted to a discussion of their prospect for an escape. Feodor informed his son that he had recently discovered that one of the remote corridors, long disused, led to an old abandoned shaft, the boards enclosing which at the mouth were in a state of partial decay. The old soldier added that of late he had been so despairing, he had sometimes thought of attempting an escape through the old shaft; but the want of an outside confederate and the lingering hope that an order of release might come for Hulinski, had combined to restrain his purpose. Now that there were two of them, with Oserov to assist, General Pojarsky thought they ought to make the effort as early as practicable.

The subject was renewed at every possible opportunity; and soon their plan took definite shape.

Each soldier of the guard was required to take his turn as sentry in the mine; and it was thus quite certain that before many days should have elapsed, Paul would be their guard. They proposed to explain the situation of the old shaft to him; and if its mouth were, as Feodor supposed, far enough from the guard house to be free from observation, they would have Oserov secure a strong and lengthy line and lower one end to the bottom of the old shaft while the other end should be safely fastened at the surface. They would then seize some favorable moment to ascend the line and attempt to escape from the neighborhood probably just before the time for quitting work at night so that searchers would be hampered by the darkness.

Of course this plan would require much pluck and patience; but Vladimir was confident of Oserov's devotion, and the exiles soon began to entertain most hopeful views of their prospect.

In the meantime Vladimir was suffering many of the hardships of the exile's lot. The food was poor and scanty; the toil was excessive; and the officers were unnecessarily harsh.

Nearly a month passed before Paul was detailed to perform sentry duty in the mine; and the Pojarskys had begun to grow very anxious. However, Oserov's occasional glances at Vladimir had convinced them that he was waiting impatiently for the opportunity of talking with the young man.

At last the hour came when they saw the unselfish adherent sitting grimly in the corridor leading to the shaft. Opening near him was a chamber in which there were no workers; and Feodor lost no time, after the miners were all settled at their labor, in making his way to the spot. Here he busied himself without addressing the soldier, until Vladimir came by with a box of ore. As no one else was within earshot, the young man stopped and addressed Paul:

"My worthy and dear friend Oserov, this exile—this broken old man here, whom you know as Nicolaus Hulinski, is truly General Feodor Pojarsky my noble and persecuted father. Listen to him and help us if you can."

Then Vladimir left them together while he went to resume his labor.

Feodor hastened to pour his tale into the ears of the astonished sentry. He recounted all of his story which was necessary to make the situation plain to Paul, and then revealed the project for escape which was under consideration.

Oserov showed the utmost attention to the recital, never once interrupting until the general spoke of the proposed flight; whereupon Paul ejaculated:

"My General, a strange thing has just happened. I overheard the commander talking with his subalterns last night and reading an imperial dispatch brought by courier. The letter made careful inquiry after Nicolaus Hulinski; asked if he were still alive, if in good health, if his conduct had been without reproach during exile, and if his manner and speech indicated a loyal feeling for his czar. The commander declared that this was a step toward the release of Nicolaus Hulinski whom he believes you to be; and when the answer is returned it will be very favorable to you. So you may soon expect a pardon which will free you without danger."

By what strange law of mind is it that an idea long overlooked, and trodden underfoot as a useless stone, suddenly sparkles out in new light, as a discovered diamond?

ANGELS ON THE WALL.

Within the brown-walled square this Summer's eve,
Was marked a scene which I would fain believe;
Had couched within such rich and precious thought,
As to the ready soul oft comes unsought;
Suggestive of the true, yet the unseen,
At least by common eyes, however keen:
The inner vision hath a wider scope—
Its dreams are lined by faith, or born of hope.

Around were groups, in garb of black and white,
Which, soiled by use, offensive were to sight;
Besides, each stripe spoke loud of law's decree,
Of crime and sin, and of its penalty!
A few in flaming or in simpler guise,
Were new, untried, and touched by strange surprise,
Some moving, reading, waiting for the bell;
The evening meal, fall in, or march to cell!

Red hands were there, dyed in a brother's blood;
Black hearts, who ravaged virtue in the bud;
Those who had robbed, and plundered, as they might,
Or lit the torch, then fled beneath the night;
From drunken brawl, from out the gambling hell,
From dens of vice, and haunts where demons dwell,
What master hand can paint, what brush portray,
The moral shadows of that fleeing day!

Some shackled, dragged along the loaded chain;
The vulgar tongue blasphemed in horrid strain;
Negroes and Spaniards, youths and men were there,
Some furrowed deeply, others, beardless, fair,
Far, far from home and native land a few,
From distant States; some, in the mountains grew,
In this infirmary for moral strain,
Who will reform, and honored life regain?

In prison garb, by prison walls kept in,
Well watched by sentries, armed to kill or win,
If e'er a fray, or break for freedom made—
Should scale a wall, or rigid rule evade;
While crime might dash from hated rule away,
In sudden flight, to revel or to stay,
Perchance to come again with ball and chain!
Not all confined, would freedom thus regain.

By twos and threes, more dignified than those,
Yet mingling, passing or in calm repose;
Waiting the sunset, quaffing in the air,
To meet in crowded cell, or silent prayer!
White-haired, as if in life they tried had been,
Or in its prime as stalwarts are they seen,
A subtle something seems to mark to show,
That crime is foreign to their open brow!

These are the victims prejudice hath laid
Upon the altar, by the law betrayed
For conscience sake they don the prison garb,
And bear the print of persecution's barb!
Deprived are they of much that sweetens life,
Of home, of household goods, and loving wife,
Immured for that which Heaven itself revealed,
The marriage rite—where two or more are sealed!

A practice of past ages, as we know,
Which Prophets, Judges, Kings were called to show
How law celestial bids a kingdom start

From small beginnings, in the willing heart!
The method of the gods, which fills each world
Of rolling space, by fiat made and hurled,—
The law of increase, path of progress true,
Old as eternities, yet ever new!

By Joseph in this latter age renewed;
Of hell and all its minions hot pursued:
As if the fallen angels must deplore,
That disobedience, which for evermore
Bars them of bodies, by unyielding law,
They jealous strive frail man to overthrow;
They to the resurrection have no claim,
Are childless devils, without love or shame!

Yet have they sway o'er yielding sons of earth,
The slaves of sin the foes of living worth;
Fealty to truth excites their bitter hate,
To use the power of law, the sword of state,
They scheme to catch the victim as of old,
When Daniel by such law was uncontrolled,
True to their God, His Saints are found to-day,
Though prison gates swing for the fated prey!

But as within the lion's den, so here,
Angels are round to guard from harm or fear,
Men steeped in crime are held in their control,
While peace flows calmly o'er each patient soul,
What trust in God, what faith can so inspire,
But "the one gospel," and the spirit's fire?
Content, waits silently that firm decree
Which tells of triumph when the Saints are free!

Now to return, and mark the angels near,
As sets the sun, as moon and stars appear!
O'er all the west, with gold the clouds are decked
With purpling edges, crimson, some are flecked,
And shafts of light up to the zenith mark,
The dying day, fast fading to the dark;
High on the walls, as if an angel there,
Had then just lit so beautiful and fair!

Suggestive as the shadows gathering fell,
As moved our ranks towards the noisome cell
That home-loved angels 'mid God Israel bow
His throne beseeching for each one they know,
For husband, father, son or friend confined,
Round whom affections, memories are twined;
In absence missed, of counsel now deprived,
They hail afar release, not yet arrived!

Here draw the curtain, bid the muse retire,
For crowding thoughts might wake too eager lyre,
And strains of vengeance might as lightnings play
Around the strings, which best in silence may
Prove faith in God, faith in His holy cause,
Faith in the future which He will disclose,
For He His kingdom will o'er all maintain,
Will from each prison bring His sons again!

All praise to Him, the Saints but ask for grace,
For wisdom, day by day that every place
May consecrated be, may prove a good
A blessing when 'tis fully understood!
May every prison lead to honors great
Each portal passed tend to yon open gate
Where all the ransomed of the past went in
To wait for valiant souls then shut them in!

O LORD, PROTECT OUR LEADERS TRUE.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY E. F. PARRY.

Maestoso.

O Lord, protect our leaders true, In ev'-ry tri-al guard them through By Thy al-

might y hand, By Thy al-might-y hand. E'er keep them from the hands of those Who

dare Thy mighty work oppose—Thy mandates to withstand, Thy mandates to withstand.

Grant that on earth they long may live,
To guide Thy Saints and counsel give.
O speed the glorious day
When persecution aye shall cease,
And naught shall mar Thy servants' peace,
Thy chosen people pray.

While exiled for a righteous cause—
Obedience to Thy sacred laws—
Protect these noble men,
Until the raging storm is o'er,
And they in peace return once more,
And meet with us again.

FASHION IN FIJI.

MORALISTS are prone to talk about the slavery of fashion to which civilization subjects men and women. But the slavery is due to vanity rather than to civilization. Savages live in that state of nature which is said to be one of ease and freedom. But their vanity is strong, and to gratify it, they put themselves to as many inconveniences as does a fashionable woman or a city dandy. Fashion in the Fiji Islands commands that the women shall be tattooed at the corners of the mouths and in other parts of the body. It is a painful and tedious process. The skin is punctured by an instrument made of bone, and a vegetable dye injected into the puncture. The women do not like to be tattooed; but it is the fashion, and they might as well be out of Fiji as out of fashion. So they endure agony in order to be fashionable.

When a festival approaches, all the natives who belong to fashionable society have their hair dressed. It is washed in lime-water to make it frizzed, and then dyed in several colors, and arranged in various ways. Several days are required to get the head-dresses in shape. When the hair is "fixed up," the native, for fear of disarranging it, sleeps on a pillow or

head-rest made of a length of bamboo, resting on the short cross-legs. A European would have a violent headache if he rested five minutes on such a pillow.

Fashion may not wear out in Fiji as much apparel as it does in Paris. But the Fijian is put to quite as much inconvenience to appear stylish as is the Parisian.

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